

whereas 'Philosophy tells us it is a principle in the Nature of man to be grateful'; that Desdemona talks more meanly than 'a woman bred out of a Pig-stye'; and that, compared with Shakespeare, 'there is not a Monkey but understands Nature better; not a Pug in Barbary that has not a truer taste of things'. It would be interesting to know which of these propositions Mr. Eliot finds in such need of 'cogent refutation'. The most charitable explanation is that it is some time since he read them. Or was it the charm of the style?

But, of course, Mr. Eliot's ideas of beauty are true for him. If he and Thomas Rymer feel like that, they feel like that. One may suspect these eccentric *gouts* *d** *alcove* of being sometimes a little factitious; still, one cannot prove that. But to be expected to accept such views as absolute general truths is at first a little staggering. True, one quickly grows hardened; after being told what Shakespeare could not have even 'understood', one learns with comparative calm that he is less 'sane' than Dante; that »Jvtachiavelli was 'innocent' and 'pure in heart' ('only the pure in heart can blow the gaff on human nature as Machiavelli has done'); that human goodness is 'a myth* (for Mr. Eliot would have us know that he can 'blow the gaff' just as hard as Machiavelli), but the divine right of kings 'a noble faith'; that Hobbes was 'an extra-ordinary little upstart'; and that it is 'an

unanswerable
argument' against determinism that it 'makes
praise and
blame meaningless'. Why should they not be
meaning-
less? Certainly as a critic Mr. Eliot does his
best to make
them so.

It might, of course, be urged that a critic
can easily
seem more dogmatic than he means to be.
He may be
intending to speak only for himself. He
cannot be ex-
pected to add at the tail of every sentence:
*or, at least,